Petr. I say it is the Moone.
Kate. I know it is the Moone.
Petr. Nay then you lye: it is the blessed Sunne.
Kate. Then God be blest, it is the blessed sun,
But sunne it is not, when you say it is not.
And the Moone changes euen as your minde:
What you will haue it nam'd, euen that it is,
And so it shall be so for *Katherine*.
Hort. *Petruchio*, goe thy wayes, the field is won.
Petr. Well, forward, forward thus the bowle should run,
And not vnluckily against the Bias:
But soft: Company is comming here.

Enter Vincentio.

Good morrow gentle Mistris, where away:
Tell me sweete *Kate*, and tell me truely too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher Gentlewoman:
Such warre of white and red within her cheekes:
What starrs do spangle heauen with such beautie,
As those two eyes become that heauenly face?
Faire louely Maide, once more good day to thee:
Sweete *Kate* embrace her for her beauties sake.
Hort. A will make the man mad to make the woman of him.
Kate. Yong budding Virgin, faire, and fresh, and sweete,
Whether away, or whether is thy aboade?
Happy the parents of so faire a childe;
Happier the man whom fauourable stars
Alots thee for his louely bedfellow.
Petr. Why how now *Kate*, I hope thou art not mad,
This is a man old, wrinckled, faded, withered,
And not a Maiden, as thou sayst he is.
Kate. Pardon old father my mistaking eyes,
That haue bin so bedazled with the sunne,
That euery thing I look on seemeth greene:
Now I perceiue thou art a reuerent Father:
Pardon I pray thee for my mad mistaking.
Petr. Do good old grandsire, and with all make known
Which way thou trauellest if along with vs,
Wee shall be ioyfull of thy company:

Vin.

Vin. Faire Sir, and you my merry Mistris,
That with your strange encounter much amasde me
My name is call'd *Vincentio*, my dwelling *Pisa*,
And bound I am to *Padua*, there to visite
A sonne of mine, which long I haue not seene.
Petr. What is his name?
Vinc. *Lucentio* Gentle sir.
Petr. Happily met the happier for thy sonne:
And now by Law, as well as reuerent age,
I may intitle thee my louing Father,
The sister to my wife, this Gentlewoman,
Thy Sonne by this hath married: wonder not,
Nor be not grieued, she is of good esteeme,
Her dowrie wealthie, and of worthie birth;
Beside, so qualified, as may be seeme
The Spouse of any noble Gentlewoman:
Let me imbrace with old *Vincentio*,
And wander we to see thy honest sonne,
Who will of thy arriuall be full ioyous.
Vinc. But is this true, or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant trauailors to breake a iest
Vpon the companie you ouertake?
Hort. I do assure thee father so it is.
Petr. Come goe along and see the truth hereof,
For our first-merriment hath made thee iealous.
Hor. Well *Petruchio*, this has put me in heart;
Haue to my Widdow, and if she froward,
Then hast thou taught *Horrensio* to be vntoward.

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca, Gre
is out before.

Biond. Softly and swiftly sir, for the Priest is ready
Luc. I flie *Biondello*; but they may chance to n
home therefore leaue vs.
Biond. Nay faith' Ile see the Church a your backe,
And then come backe to my mistris as soone as I can
Gre. I maruaile *Cambio* comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Vincentio, Grumio
With attendants.